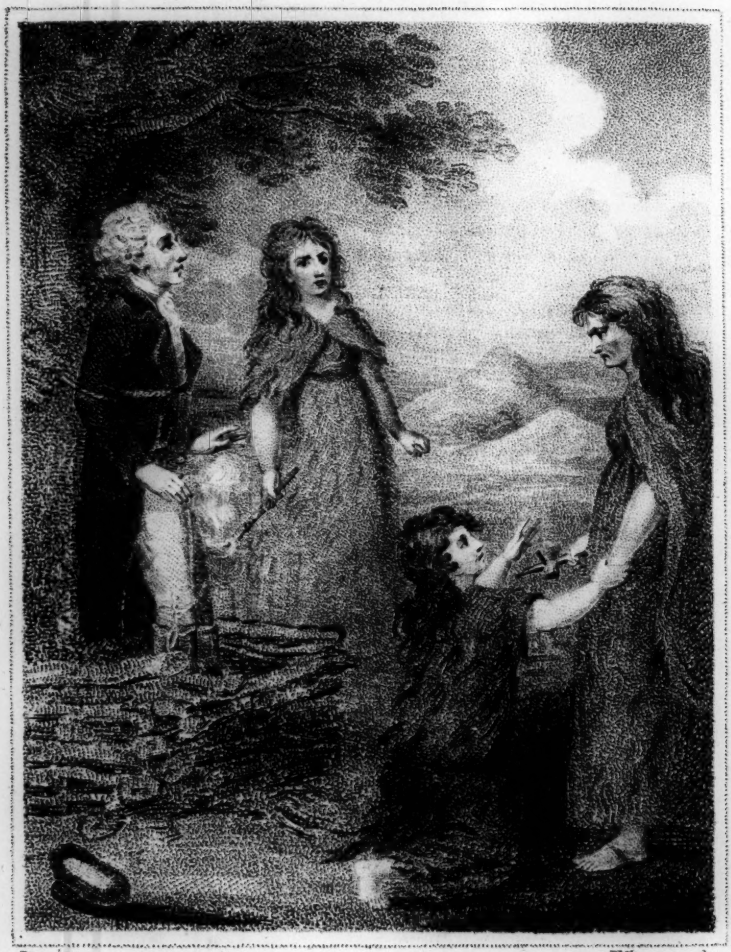

Rivers del. Williamson sculp

Oneida interceding for the life of Mr. Barry.

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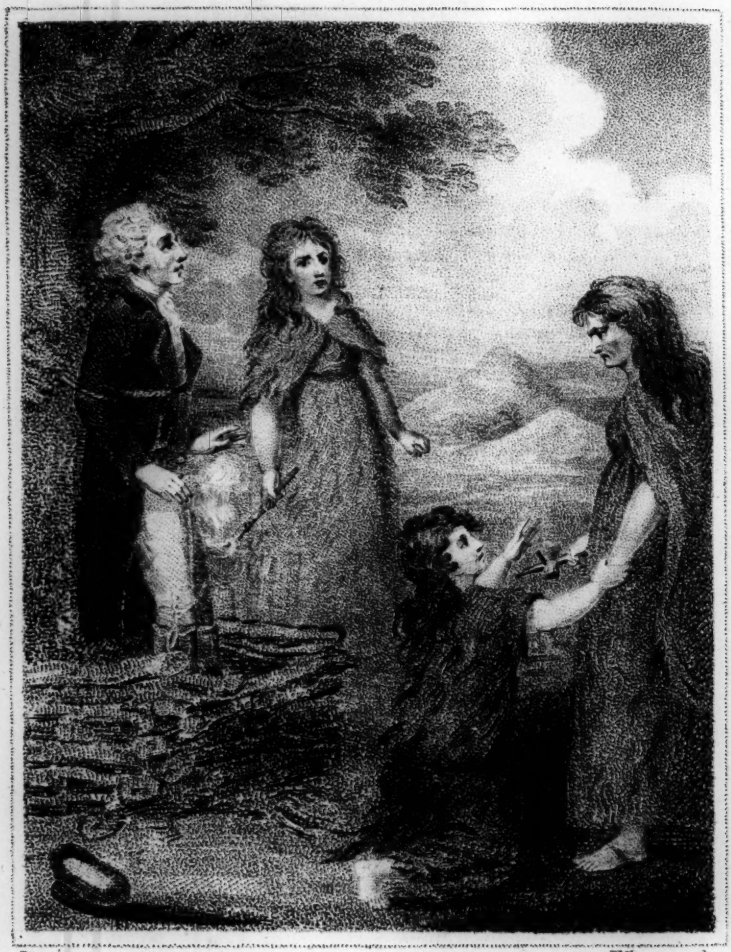

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NARRATIVE

OF THE

Singular Adventures and Captivity

OF

Mr. THOMAS BARRY,

AMONG THE

MONSIPI INDIANS,

IN THE UNEXPLORED REGIONS OF

NORTH AMERICA,

DURING THE

YEARS 1797, 1798, & 1799:

INCLUDING

The MANNERS, CUSTOMS, &c. of that Tribe;

ALSO

A particular Account of his Escape, accompanied by an

INDIAN FEMALE;

The extraordinary Hardships they encountered; and their safe Arrival in *London.*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Sommers Town:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY A. NEIL,
NO. 30, CHALTON STREET;

SOLD ALSO BY CROSBY AND LETTERMAN,
Stationers' Court, Paternoster Row.

1800.

[Price One Shilling.]

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

PREFACE.

THE following Narrative, I have little doubt, will be found peculiarly interesting to the lovers of curious geography, as it records several remarkable facts respecting a people little known to Europeans. A few of the incidents may appear improbable to persons who have uniformly moved in the smooth, sunny path of prosperity; but those who, like myself, have felt the arrows of misfortune, will feel a conviction that such transactions may have occurred, and generously sympathize with me and my amiable fellow-traveller.

The

The romantic vicissitudes through which I passed in America, will also probably gratify the imagination of the fair reader; especially when she beholds one of her own sex, in the wildest state of nature, not only graceful in her person, but actuated by the benign passions. The generous Indian, who, bursting from her native woods, escapes with the man of her choice, and restores him to liberty and civilized society, will exhibit a portrait of the superior sensibility of the female mind; and the virtuous and beautiful *American* will be found worthy the imitation of the more accomplished *European.*

The gratification which the curiosity of my dear deliverer and companion daily receives, in her rambles with me through this vast metropolis, the politeness of its inhabitants, and the kind attention

tention of a brother to our accommodation, would induce me to continue here, but that the "link of nature draws me" to my native land; and my heart anticipates the pleasure I shall receive from the cordial welcome of my ever venerated parents.

Pentonville,
May 20th, 1800.

T. BARRY.

The Publisher to the Reader.

MR. BARRY having been induced, in consequence of the solicitation of his friends, (for whose gratification only he intended it) to publish the following interesting Narrative, I had the pleasure of being introduced to him, and was favoured with the copy, in its original state; which, on perusal, I found rather too diffuse; and wishing in this, as in my other publications, to unite entertainment *with* frugality, *I prevailed on him to compress it, in order to present it to the Public at a small expence. And although the Author, in compliance with my request, has now divested it of many uninteresting particularities and trivial incidents, which would have tended only to swell the work unnecessarily, and of course enhance the price, yet he has studiously retained*

retained every circumstance that could elucidate his extraordinary Adventures. The perusal, I have reason to believe, will afford peculiar entertainment to readers of both sexes;—to promote which, shall, at all times, be the study of the Public's

Most devoted and obliged servant,

Sommers Town,
June, 1800.

The PUBLISHER.

NARRATIVE,

&c. &c.

" Of moving accidents—of hair-breadth 'scapes,
" Of being taken by th' insolent foe;
————" Of my escape,
" And with it, all my travel's history."

SHAKESPEARE.

HUMAN life is neither that miſerable ſtate depicted by the gloomy imagination of the cynical miſanthrope, nor that round of fantaſtic joys deſcribed by men of wit. I am perfectly convinced, by experience, that *all is for the beſt* in the hiſtory of man; that the operations of nature, and the actions of moral agents, are under the direction of an all-merciful Providence; and yet, when I take a retroſpective view of my late adventures, I behold ſome incidents that would have miſled a raſh mind into ſcepticiſm.

Conformably to cuſtom, in a work of this nature, it will be deemed neceſſary to inform the reader, that my father, *William Barry*, was

a reſpectable watchmaker in the city of *Waterford*, in the ſouth of *Ireland*. He married the daughter of Mr. *Robert Sullivan*, a reputable diſtiller; and I was the firſt fruit of their love, being born in that city on the fourth of *May*, 1772.

When about ſeven years old, I was ſent to ſchool, where I continued till I arrived at the age of fourteen; and during that time, I had acquired a ſlight knowledge of the claſſics, and made a conſiderable proficiency in writing and arithmetic. At length, my father kept me at home, with an intention to bring me up to his own trade. I worked four years at this buſineſs, when a letter arrived from my uncle, Mr. *Thomas Barry*, after whom I had been named, and who was a merchant in *Charleſtown*, *South Carolina*. Among other friendly propoſals for my father's welfare, my uncle offered to take me into partnerſhip, and inſiſted on my being ſent by the firſt ſhip from *Waterford* to *North America*.

Elated with the news, I prepared for my voyage; while my parents, though they were pleaſed with the proſpect of future proſperity which opened before me, yet they felt regret at the idea of parting with me—perhaps for ever.

My mother, eſpecially, was deeply affected when the day of my departure came; ſhe embraced me, bedewed my face with the tears of maternal

maternal ſorrow; and I muſt confeſs, that all my conſtitutional vivacity forſook me at that moment. My father behaved with manly dignity.——"Son Thomas," ſaid he, "you are going to engage in the buſy ſcenes of life at an early age; remember, my child, that a ſtrict adherence to the precepts of morality, which I have carefully inculcated, can alone preſerve your integrity in a world that abounds with vicious allurements. It is, however, a pleaſing reflection to me, that I reſign you to the care of a brother whoſe honeſt exertions have been ſucceſsful. Be faithful, my boy, in the diſcharge of your duty to an uncle, whom you are now to reſpect as a parent; and do not neglect to write to us by every opportunity.——Come, Tom, the wind is fair, and the veſſel will ſoon ſail."

I then received the parting benediction of my dear parents; and, attended to the adjacent quay by two porters, who carried my trunks, I went on board the *Preſident*, of 400 tons, commanded by Captain *Winterbotham*. This veſſel was an American trader, which had brought over a cargo of flax-ſeed, tobacco, and ſtaves, and was freighted with linen cloth and hardware, conſigned to merchants in *Charleſtown*.

We ſailed from *Waterford* with the morning tide, and a fair breeze, on the 20th of *May*, 1790, and in a few hours we loſt ſight of *Ireland*.

land. My emotions, on taking the laſt glance at my native country, were indeſcribable; but this momentary ſorrow was interrupted by that indiſpoſition to which perſons unaccuſtomed to the ſea are liable. This ſickneſs, however, was of ſhort duration; and on the following day, my health and vivacity returned together.

As we glided over the ſurface of the vaſt Atlantic ocean, it was very amuſing to view ſeveral ſhips at various diſtances, purſuing their ſolitary courſe, on different tacks; while the ſunſhine, the cool breezes, and the gambols of porpoiſes, which tumbled amid the waves, were highly gratifying to the mind.

The paſſengers were chiefly factors, except a few tradeſmen, and an elderly gentlewoman, with her four daughters, who were going to reſide with her ſon, a merchant in *Charleſtown.*

Although theſe ladies were unattended by any male friend, perhaps no females were ever treated with more reſpect or attention by the Captain, ſailors, and paſſengers in general. I ſoon had the pleaſure to ingratiate myſelf with Mrs. *Wilſon*, who appeared much pleaſed with my aſſiduities: her beautiful and modeſt daughters converſed with great chearfulneſs; and our friendſhip gradually increaſed in the courſe of the voyage.

Our amuſements, indeed, were very circumſcribed. The ladies had a few of the beſt Engliſh

Engliſh books, and I often read to them; one of the paſſengers, who was an excellent performer on the violin, played to us every fine evening, while we danced on the deck.

Thus we continued to paſs the time during a voyage of ſix weeks; and on the ſecond of *July*, with the dawn, we found ourſelves in ſight of the ſhores of *Columbia*. After ſailing about twenty leagues along the coaſt, on the following day, about noon, we arrived ſafe in the port of *Charleſtown*. I aſſiſted in putting the ladies and their baggage on ſhore, and proceeded with them to the houſe of Mr. *Wilſon*, where I took my leave, with a promiſe to viſit them occaſionally.——I then haſtened to viſit my uncle; by whom I was received with every mark of affection and eſteem. According to his promiſe, he immediately took me into partnerſhip; and in a few days introduced me to the principal merchants of *Charleſtown* as his copartner.

This proſperous commencement was very flattering to my youthful imagination. I looked forward with the livelieſt hopes of advancement in the world; and ſoon became ſo great a favourite with my uncle, who was a bachelor, that he adopted me as his heir. Meanwhile, I viſited Mrs. *Wilſon* and her family, by whom I was conſidered in the endearing light of a friend.

Although I had been accuſtomed to ſocial enjoyments in my native city, yet even the characteriſtic hilarity of my countrymen was exceeded by the proſperous, lively, and poliſhed inhabitants of *Charleſtown*. The environs of this capital of *South Carolina* are enchanting;—a variety of elegant country ſeats, embelliſhed with gardens, orchards, and ſhrubberies, appear on the banks of the rivers *Aſhley* and *Cooper*, which incloſe the ſlip of land on which the town is built; and the briſk inland navigation gives life to the rural ſcene. The confluence of theſe rivers form the harbour, which communicates with the ſea, about ſeven miles below the town; the ſtreets from eaſt to weſt extend from the bank of the one river to that of the other, and preſent beautiful proſpects of the circumjacent country. Theſe long ſtreets are interſected by others, which form the town into ſquares, with the houſes in front, and gardens in the rear. The old houſes are moſtly of wood, but the modern manſions are built with brick, and tiled roofs. The principal public edifices are the exchange, ſtate-houſe, and armory, beſides a poor-houſe, and fifteen churches and chapels. Such is the preſent appearance of *Charleſtown*—a place where I ſpent ſome of the happieſt hours of my youth.

I lived above ſix years in the moſt amicable harmony with my uncle, and was both active and

and attentive to buſineſs. During this period I often viſited Mrs. *Wilſon*, who reſided at an elegant country ſeat, belonging to her ſon, about ſix miles from the town, on the ſouthern bank of the river *Cooper*. Mr. *Wilſon* had been two years married to an accompliſhed young lady, who uſually retired from the buſtle of the town to enjoy the ſweet ſerenity of *Violet-hill*, in the company of Mrs. *Wilſon* and her accompliſhed daughters. I often accompanied Mr. *Wilſon* on his viſits to the happy circle, and was ever welcome to their hoſpitable board.

While rambling amid bowers of intermingled roſes and jeſſamine with my fair friends, and while the ſurrounding perfection of inanimate nature, enlivened by pure breezes, and beautified by the ſummer's ſun, feaſted my eyes, the nobleſt of the paſſions took poſſeſſion of my heart.—— The reader will pardon me for dwelling a few moments on thoſe ſcenes of my former felicity, which have for ever vaniſhed from my ſight.

Eliza Wilſon was the dear object of my love. She was about twenty years of age; her ſtature tall, and formed with the ſymmetry of feminine grace; her complexion was fair, her hair light brown, and her eyes blue. The purity of her mind gave an air of delicacy to her features; ſhe was witty, but the ſallies of her imagination never violated the rules of decorum.

While

While I rambled with *Eliza* and her charming ſiſters amid the ſcenery of *Violet-hill*, my heart became a victim to her charms. Naturally ſanguine, my feelings operated like a fever on my frame; my health languiſhed; and it was not till after ſeveral ſtruggles between diffidence and hope, that I ventured to declare my ſentiments to the object of my attachment.—— My reception ſoothed all my fears—*Eliza* felt a mutual paſſion; and the moments which I paſſed in her preſence were bliſsful beyond deſcription. But while I was baſking in the ſmiles of my lovely countrywoman, and indulging my fond heart with the anticipation of our mutual happineſs through life, a misfortune approached, unſeen, which was to deſtroy the fair fabric of our ideal bliſs.

My uncle entered into a ſpeculation, with other merchants, to ſend a variety of goods to the regions near *Canada*, in order to barter with the *Wiandots*, an Indian nation, who exchanged large quantities of furs for arms, ammunition, tobacco, blankets, and different utenſils.

Twenty active young men were ſelected from the counting-houſes of the ſpeculators, and my partner requeſted me to accompany them.— Though naturally romantic and enterprizing, I felt the greateſt reluctance to engage in this adventure; but my numerous obligations to my kind friend required my compliance with his wiſh.

wiſh. He was unacquainted with my paſſion for Miſs *Wilſon*; and as the mercantile journey, and the time requiſite for traffic, would require at leaſt ſix months, I was neceſſitated, from motives of delicacy, to defer our union till my return.

When *Eliza* was informed of my intended journey, her boſom was agonized with tender ſorrow. On the evening previous to my departure from *Charleſtown*, I rode to *Violet-hill*, to take leave of my beloved miſtreſs; alas! I little knew that it was to be our laſt interview as lovers!——A mournful languor overſpread the expreſſive countenance of *Eliza*. After tea, ſhe indulged me with a private interview; and, amid ſighs and tears, we vowed eternal conſtancy. I then took my leave of the reſt of the family, and returned to the city. Next morning, the 4th of April, 1797, I left *Charleſtown*, and proceeded with my fellow-travellers on our adventure.

Our merchandize, conſiſting of arms, ammunition, tobacco, and ſeveral tools of huſbandry, ſuch as ſpades, hoes, and hatchets, were placed in eight covered carts, which, together with another for our neceſſaries, compriſed the whole of our vehicles. Our company amounted to twenty-nine, including the carters; we were all well mounted, and armed with piſtols and ſabres, to defend us againſt any attack of the

Indians. We continued our journey through the woods for ſeveral days, without meeting any thing remarkable. The novelty of the ſcenes, the chearfulneſs of my companions, and the fine weather at that ſeaſon, ſoon reſtored my uſual vivacity.

As we had paſſed ſeveral Indian towns, and found the different tribes very friendly, our apprehenſions of danger abated, and conſequently our vigilance became relaxed. One morning, as we were purſuing our journey, I was ſo much ſtruck with the wild beauties of nature, that I ſtopped to contemplate a ſolitary ſpot, while my companions proceeded on their way. It was a ſloping valley, ſkirted with foreſt and wild fruit trees, in full bloſſom; thoſe ſylvan branches were intermixed in wild magnificence, and covered two ſmall natural terraces; in the middle of the valley, a fountain of tranſlucent water guſhed from the ſummit of a green hillock, and flowed in a rambling ſtream amid the freſh herbage, while a variety of ſinging birds, as if inſpired by the charms of the place, filled the echoing coppices with their melody.

While I ſat on horſeback, abſorbed in contemplation, I was ſurrounded by a band of Indians!—Incited by ſelf-preſervation, I inſtinctively drew my ſabre; but at the ſame moment I was ſtunned by a blow, and fell to the ground. As I continued motionleſs, the ſavages ſuppoſed me

me dead, and one of them cut the ſkin of my forehead, in two diagonal lines, from my eye-brows to my temples: the inciſion made by the ſcalping-knife reſtored me to my ſenſes, on which the Indian deſiſted from his barbarous operation, and aſſiſted me to riſe. I was then dragged into the woods, and though the blood flowed from my temples, thoſe inhuman wretches took no pains to ſtop the effuſion, but forced me along with an air of triumph.

After thus travelling for ſeveral hours, during which I felt inexpreſſible pain from my wounds, the Indians ſtopped about ſun-ſet, and kindled a fire under the ſhade of ſome very large oaks.—Here they ſupped on the fleſh of a deer, which one of them, who was an expert archer, had ſhot in an adjacent thicket. They gave me a ſmall quantity of the roaſted fleſh, with a little maize and water, which revived my exhauſted ſpirits; they afterwards bound my legs and arms with cords, made of the bark of trees, to prevent my eſcape, and then each Indian wrapped himſelf up in his fur cloak, lay down on the graſs, and ſlept very ſound. My deſpair, when I reflected on my ſituation, and the irritation of my nerves, in conſequence of my wounds, not only precluded ſleep, but threw me into a frantic delirium.

Next morning, at ſunriſe, after having unbound me, and feaſting on the remains of their preceding

preceding night's fare, they continued their march, and about noon we arrived at their town. As ſoon as we came in ſight, the women haſtened to congratulate their friends; and when they beheld me, ſuppoſing me to be an enemy, captured in battle, they ruſhed forward, ſeized, and dragged me to an adjacent grove, where they bound me to an oak-tree, and then brought a number of faggots, which they placed regularly around me, with an intention to burn me to death.

When all things were ready for their intended ſacrifice, a woman came haſtily from one of the wigwams, with a lighted torch in her hand, and ſtood in anxious expectation of the ſignal when ſhe ſhould kindle the wood that was to conſume me. Meanwhile, my tormentors expreſſed their exultations by hideous yells and frequent burſts of laughter, while the men ſtood in groups at a diſtance, looking on with the greateſt compoſure.

The painful emotions of horror ſickened my heart, and for a moment deprived me of ſenſation. On my recovery, I beheld a young Indian female on one knee before an old woman, and in the attitude of ſupplication, while ſhe pointed at me. The old woman approached the tree with an uplifted tomahawk, and when I imagined ſhe was going to kill me, and thus prevent a lingering torture, ſhe cut the cords that

that bound me, and led me to her youthful friend.

Thus ſnatched from death, the tranſition from grief to joy was ſo ſudden, that I felt the tears of gratitude overflow my eyes, while my deliverer viewed me with looks of complacency.—She took me by the hand, and conducted me to a hut, where ſhe ſet refreſhments before me; and by her geſtures ſhewed how much ſhe rejoiced at having ſaved my life.

I endeavoured, by ſigns, to expreſs my grateful ſenſe of her humanity. She waſhed my feſtering wounds with great care, and applied a healing ſimple; ſhe next prepared me a bed, of deer-ſkins and furs, to which I gladly retired. A refreſhing ſleep recruited my almoſt exhauſted ſpirits; and my preſerver attended me with unremitted ſolicitude for a few days, till my wounds were completely healed.

Oneida, which was the name of my female friend, endeavoured, with no ſmall degree of ſucceſs, to teach me the Indian language; and in a ſhort time I plainly perceived that ſhe was paſſionately enamoured with the object of her benignity:—ſo true is the ſentiment, that "pity melts the minds to love." The frequency of her ſighs, and the tremulous ſoftneſs of her voice when ſhe ſpoke to me, were convincing proofs of her affection; but a prior engagement occupied my heart; and I could feel nothing but the

pureſt gratitude for this young Indian; a ſhort hiſtory of whom I ſhall now preſent to the reader.

Oneida received her name in conſequence of a ſignal victory obtained by the *Monſipi* nation over the *Oneidas*; her father was a chief among the warriors of the former, and his daughter was named after the nation he had conquered, in order to commemorate that event. This brave warrior had been ſlain about two years prior to my captivity; and *Oneida* and her mother were left to the protection of his tribe. They were treated with every token of attention by the other Indians, who continued to reverence the memory of a man who had ſo often led them to conqueſt. It was the mother of *Oneida* who had cut the cords, and led me to her daughter; nor did the old woman ſeem offended at the young Indian's partiality.

Oneida was eſteemed one of the moſt beautiful of her nation; her complexion was more delicate than that of the other *Monſipi* women, which is moſtly a reddiſh brown, and is rendered ſo by art, being conſidered by many of them as the moſt beautiful hue. The virtues of *Oneida*'s father, however, had given him ſo great an aſcendancy in his tribe, that his daughter was permitted to follow the dictates of a mind naturally harmonized to decency. She took a particular pleaſure in cleanlineſs; ſhe was reſerved and

modeſt in her demeanor; and though beloved by ſeveral Indian warriors, ſhe was a virgin. I mention this circumſtance, becauſe it is uncommon among a people who, by a moſt prepoſterous depravation of reaſon, permit incontinence in females before marriage, but puniſh any lapſe of their married women with unrelenting cruelty.

My deliverer was about ſeventeen years of age, of the middle ſtature, and elegantly formed; her features were remarkably fine, eſpecially her large ſparkling black eyes; her hair overſpread her ſhoulders, and her boſom, which ſwelled with the luxuriance of youth, was partly concealed by a linen ſhift; her gown, or rather robe, was made of the fineſt furs, which gave her a very auguſt air.——Such was the perſon whoſe humanity ſaved me from an untimely end.

I ſhall here take the opportunity of introducing, for the entertainment of the reader, a ſhort ſketch of the manners, cuſtoms, &c. of a people among whom I was deſtined to experience many viciſſitudes.

The *Monſipi* Indians are in general of the common ſtature, very ſtraight and well made; and ſcarcely ever any crooked or deformed perſon is found among them. Their complexion, in its natural ſtate, is tolerably fair, but they generally render it, by art, of a reddiſh brown; their

their features vary little from thoſe of Europeans, eſpecially the women's, whoſe eyes are black; their hair is alſo black, and very long. The common dreſs of the men is the ſkin of a deer, which they wear as a cloak; they tie another piece about the middle, and their feet and legs are covered with pieces of deer-ſkin, to preſerve them from thorns and the bite of ſnakes; they wear no covering on their heads. The dreſs of the women, which is compoſed of furs, is accurately delineated in the frontiſpiece.

Their huts, or wigwams, are of a ſugar-loaf ſhape, about twelve feet high, formed of the branches of trees, and covered with mats or bark. A hole is left at the top, which ſerves for entrance, window, and chimney. The women have a door at the ſide, made of deer-ſkins, but the men aſcend and deſcend by poles, notched deep enough to hold the toe. Their utenſils are chiefly earthen pots and pans.

Their principal weapons are bows and arrows, which, with the tomahawk (being a hammer on one ſide and ſharp hatchet on the other) and ſcalping-knife, equips the Indian warrior for the field. They frequently engage their enemies on the water, as well as on land, though they have no better veſſels than canoes, which are only large trees made hollow.

This tribe, when they receive notice of any injuries done to their friends, immediately ſummon

mon a meeting of their beſt warriors and chiefs. At this aſſembly they diſcuſs the matter, and ſettle the manner in which the injury is to be revenged. To this vengeance they are greatly ſtimulated by the females. After it is determined, as many as are able to bear arms ſet out, with a ſmall ſtock of proviſions, every man carrying his own food. They will march to a conſiderable diſtance, with great expedition, to gratify their rancour; and endure hunger ſometimes for three or four days together. When the hoſtile parties meet, after the firſt ſhower of arrows, they ruſh on each other with their tomahawks; and the diſpute is ſoon terminated, by the death or flight of one party. The dead of the vanquiſhed are then ſcalped *, and the priſoners are bound, to prevent their eſcape.

When

* The following method of ſcalping, which is practiſed by the North American Indians in general, and the curious anecdote annexed, is extracted, by the Publiſher, from Mr. Long's Travels.

" When an Indian ſtrikes a perſon on the temple with a tomahawk, the victim inſtantly drops; he then ſeizes his hair with one hand, twiſting it very tight together, to ſeparate the ſkin from the head, and placing his knee on the breaſt, with the other he draws the ſcalping-knife from the ſheath, and cuts the ſkin round the forehead, pulling it off with his teeth. As he is very dextrous, the operation is ge-

When the expedition is ended, the conquerors return with their captives; and a ſwift-footed meſſenger announces their approach to the town. Upon this intelligence, the women run out to meet them; the priſoners are then preſented

nerally performed in two minutes. The ſcalp is then extended on three hoops, dried in the ſun, and rubbed over with vermilion. Some of the Indians, in time of war, when ſcalps are well paid for, divide one into five or ſix parts, and carry them to the neareſt poſt, in hopes of recovering a reward proportionate to the number.

"When the ſcalp is taken from the head of one of their people, they frequently make the dead body of advantage to them, by dreſſing it up, and painting it with vermilion; they then place it againſt a tree, with weapons in its hand, to induce the other Indians to ſuppoſe it an enemy on the watch; and round the body they ſet ſpears in the ground, ſo as ſcarcely to be diſcernible. The Indians, on ſeeing the perſon againſt the tree, and anxious to make him a priſoner, in the eagerneſs of running fall on the points of the ſpears, and being diſabled from proceeding, are eaſily made priſoners.

"The following anecdote will ſufficiently ſhew the dexterity of theſe people in this horrid art.

"A Mohawk, of the name of Scunnionſa, or the Elk, and a Chippeway Indian, of the name of Cark Cark, or the Crow, having met at a council of war, near Crown Point, in the year 1757, were extolling their own merits, and boaſting of their ſuperiority in taking ſcalps. The Mohawk contended that he could

preſented to the widows or relations of thoſe who had been ſlain; from among whom they frequently chuſe ſome to ſupply the places of the deceaſed; and thoſe who are not ſo fortunate as to engage their attention in this reſpect, they put to the moſt cruel deaths.

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could take a larger ſcalp than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and deſired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each purſuing a different route, after having firſt agreed to meet at a certain place on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned, and appeared at the council. The Mohawk laid down his ſcalp, which was the ſkin of the head and neck of a man, ſtuffed with fine moſs, and ſewed up with deer's ſinews, and the eyes faſtened in. The chiefs expreſſed their approbation, and pronounced him to be a great and brave warrior. The Chippeway then roſe, and looking earneſtly at the Mohawk, ſaid it was an old woman's ſcalp, which is conſidered as a term of great reproach, and called to one of his ſons to bring forward his ſcalp; when inſtantly he exhibited to their view the complete ſkin of a man, ſtuffed with down feathers, and ſewed very cloſe with deer's ſinews. The chiefs loaded him with praiſe, and unanimouſly acknowledged his ſuperiority.

"The Mohawk warrior, fired with reſentment, withdrew from the council, meditating revenge; and as ſoon as he ſaw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him, and watching a convenient opportunity, diſpatched him with his tomahawk, rejoicing that he had, even in this daſtardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival."

Their

Their marriage ceremony conſiſts ſimply in the bride's preſenting the bridegroom with a full ear of maize, or Indian corn, while he, in return, puts round her ſhoulders a cloak of the fineſt fur. After which, the ſachem, or prieſt, pronounces his bleſſing.

On the third day after the birth of a child, if a male, the father invites all the men in his neighbourhood, to conſider of a name for the infant; if a female, the mother invites thoſe of her own ſex. When aſſembled, they ſquat down on the floor, in a circle, and after partaking of a repaſt, (to which each of the viſitors contributes, by bringing ſomething towards furniſhing the entertainment) the child is placed in the centre; ſeveral names are then propoſed, and that which is approved of by the majority, is adopted.

A mother ſuckles her child till it attains the age of four or five years, and ſometimes till it is ſix or ſeven.

When any one of the tribe dies, the relations aſſemble to conſole each other on that melancholy event; the corpſe is then wrapped in fur, and conveyed on a kind of bier to the cemetery, which is ſituated on a ſmall eminence near the town. If the deceaſed has been a warrior, his bow and quiver are placed tranſverſely on his grave; if a female, a few of her ornaments are ſcattered over her remains.

When

When my health was perfectly re-eſtabliſhed, I felt a ſtrong deſire to eſcape; *Eliza* continually occupied my thoughts; nor could all the blandiſhments of *Oneida* efface the image of my beloved countrywoman from my breaſt. I had now lived ſome months among the Indians, and acquired a ſufficient knowledge of their language to enable me to join in converſation with *Oneida* and her mother. The former was my catereſs; ſhe caught fiſh in an adjacent river, which ſhe dreſſed in her own ſimple, cleanly manner; ſhe alſo frequently procured veniſon, fowl, bread made of Indian corn or maize, and fruits of ſeveral kinds. Indeed, the behaviour of *Oneida* was ſo reſpectful and tender, that I eſteemed her as a ſiſter; and, emboldened by her condeſcenſion, one evening, while ſitting with her on the bank of the river, I entreated her permiſſion to eſcape. When ſhe heard this requeſt, I perceived the freſh colour inſtantly forſake her cheeks; ſhe continued a few moments ſilent, then ſobbed, and wept aloud. Affected by her tears, I embraced her, and entreated her not to grieve.——"Then, why do you make me grieve?" replied ſhe. "Ah! little does my affection deſerve ſuch a return!" "Forgive me, *Oneida*," ſaid I, "and believe me, I will never attempt to leave you, without your conſent."

A joyful ſmile animated her countenance as I uttered theſe words; and ſhe quickly replied, "Then you will never leave me; for ſooner would I die, than conſent to our ſeparation." Saying this, ſhe preſſed me to her boſom, with all the fondneſs of untutored nature.

This was the trying moment.—My obligations to the beautiful Indian excited the warmeſt glow of gratitude in my heart, which was now ſoftened into tenderneſs by her tears; and, encircled in the arms of a generous woman, who had ſaved my life, on whoſe bounty I lived, and without whoſe aſſiſtance it would be impoſſible for me to regain my liberty—*Eliza* was forgotten—and in this exigence I reſolved to comply with the inclinations of my benefactreſs. Ere we parted, we expreſſed mutual paſſion; and in a few days after, we were married, in the preſence of all the Indians. Thus, by a fortuitous ſeries of events, I became the huſband of *Oneida*, whoſe love was ſentimental and enthuſiaſtic;—but little did ſhe know the keen remorſe that racked my ſoul, when reflection reproached me with the violation of my vows to *Eliza!*

Neceſſity alone is my only plea of extenuation; and indeed the peculiarity of my ſituation ſeemed to admit of no alternative; for probably the tenderneſs of the Indian would have given place to the moſt implacable hatred, had I rejected

jected her proffered love; and the conſequence would have been my inevitable deſtruction!—Let no advocate for unſullied rectitude, therefore, condemn my conduct, without mature conſideration, and he will find that my infidelity to my firſt and ever-regretted love, did not proceed from levity, but from the urgency of the caſe.

My ſpouſe, whoſe heart had never before felt the influence of the ſoft paſſion, enjoyed the pure delight of a virtuous attachment; her happineſs ſeemed perfect; every night ſhe ſunk to repoſe in the embraces of a man whom ſhe idolized, and each morning her boſom thrilled with new endearments.

Being now conſidered by the Indians as one of their brethren, and having adopted their dreſs, &c. I was permitted to ramble at large, and called upon to give my opinion on public matters relating to the tribe. The proficiency which I had made in their language, enabled me to converſe with facility; and I ſoon ingratiated myſelf into the favour of a venerable Indian, named *Wrangſen*, who preſided at the religious ceremonies, on account of his ſuperior wiſdom and virtue.

During an evening walk with him along the bank of the river, I requeſted him to give me the hiſtory of the *Monſipi* nation. *Wrangſen*, who was fatigued with the walk, ſat down on a green

a green hillock, beneath a lofty oak, and conſented to gratify my curioſity.

" Son," ſaid the venerable man, " I will acquaint you with the traditionary hiſtory of the North-American Indians, as handed down to us from the earlieſt times;" which he did, in nearly the following words:

" Our anceſtor was created by the good Spirit, and placed in this country with a wife, and from their union have proceeded all the Indians who inhabit this great continent; which the proud Europeans have preſumed to call after the name of one of their own pirates. When the Indians increaſed in number, they divided themſelves into ſeveral tribes; many ages have elapſed ſince that diviſion, inſomuch, that we have long ceaſed to conſider all Indians as brethren; nay, we are often obliged to go to war with other tribes, to ſecure our liberties. Our particular nation became numerous and enterpriſing, and inhabited a large extent of the ſea-coaſt, where they lived happily for many ages. The rich ſoil yielded them abundance of grain and fruits; the ſea, lakes, and rivers ſupplied them with fiſh; and the elk, the wild boar, and other animals, fell pierced with their arrows in the chace. The good Spirit, who is the father of *Areſkoni*, the god of battle, gave them all theſe bleſſings, but the bad Spirit ſent the Europeans to interrupt their happineſs.—

The

The invaders defeated the Indians, who were obliged to fly with their women and children to the woods, leaving their ancient inheritance to the conquerors. Here they have lived by fiſhing, hunting, and cultivating fertile ſpots of ground. The preſent population of the *Monſipi* nation is about two thouſand; three-fourths of whom inhabit our town, which we have called *Monſipina*, and the other five hundred live in another town, called *Onhimas*.

" Our religious ceremonies are few, and eaſily underſtood; they all have a reference to two grand objects; firſt, the homage which we owe to the good Spirit; and juſtice to each other. We believe in the exiſtence of two principals—the good Spirit, and the evil Demon. The former is the creator of every thing that is uſeful to us; the latter, on the contrary, endeavours to make our lives miſerable; he is the cauſe of all our misfortunes, ſickneſs, defeat, and every other ill. To-morrow evening will be the full of the moon, at which time we always meet to worſhip the good Spirit; and as you are now our brother, I ſhall expect you to join us."——Here he ceaſed, and we returned.

On the evening of the following day, I accompanied *Wrangſen* to the ſylvan temple appropriated to their religious worſhip. It covered an extent of about a rood, being circu-

lar, and formed of two hundred large oak-trees, the branches of which had been ſo artfully interwoven, as to form a lofty and cloſe roof, that excluded the rain. In the centre of this majeſtic edifice, there was an altar, formed of verdant turf, about four feet high. The entrance was towards the town, with an extenſive level area in front.

On our arrival, we found all the young Indians of both ſexes ſtanding promiſcuouſly together. On a ſignal given by *Wrangſen*, the men retired to the limits of the temple; the women, among whom was *Oneida*, then approached the altar, around which they formed a circle, and ſung a hymn in praiſe of the good Spirit. An Indian youth now entered the temple with a baſket, which he preſented to *Wrangſen*; who offered its contents, conſiſting of fruits and honey, in honour of the Deity.

He afterwards, in a ſhort diſcourſe, reminded the Indians of the many bleſſings which they enjoyed; health, plenty, and above all, their liberty; he told them, that all theſe benefits were the gift of their good Spirit, who, after death, would convey them to everlaſting pleaſures; he exhorted them to love one another, and daily return praiſes to that good Being, from whoſe bounty proceeded life and light, and every good thing. He then diſmiſſed his auditors, who retired with a ſerious and contented air.

I could

I could not help admiring the purity and ſimplicity of the Indian religion, and its remote affinity to Chriſtianity.

The approach of winter reminded the Indians to provide fuel and food; they collected vaſt piles of firewood, and caught as many fiſh as poſſible, which, together with maize, and the fleſh of wild boars and deer, was the whole of our proviſions. The froſt became very intenſe, and the ſnow covered the ground. We continued in our wigwams during the ſevere weather; and every evening a number of both ſexes met in a large wigwam, and danced to the wild muſic of a kind of flute, which, accompanied with a ſmall drum, had a cheering effect. The Indians have practiſed this cuſtom of dancing in winter time immemorial, and, as it were, inſtinctively, as a ſubſtitute for other exerciſes.

Spring at length returned; and early in the month of April my *Oneida* was delivered of a ſon. This pledge of love, and her undiminiſhed tenderneſs, ſo completely engaged my heart, that I endeavoured totally to forget *Eliza*.

In the courſe of the ſummer of 1798, a circumſtance occurred, which involved me in new dangers. A ſmall hunting party of our young men had fallen into an ambuſcade of the *Ooromin* nation, with whom our tribe had been at war, and out of ten, only four of the party eſcaped. We immediately aſſembled in the large wigwam

wigwam appropriated to public affairs; and *Wrangfen*, in a ſhort harangue, animated us to revenge the blood of our brethren. It would be difficult to deſcribe the powerful effect his addreſs had on the auditors. The women alſo did not fail to exhort us to vengeance. The warriors immediately haſtened to prepare their arrows, and whet their tomahawks. I offered my ſervice, and was, by general conſent, appointed ſecond in command. A chief, called *Renoui*, or the *Son of Lightning*, was choſen for our leader. This warrior was a tall, muſcular, fierce-looking man, and had often ſignalized his valour in the field.

We concerted the beſt plan of action. I ſuggeſted the uſe of ſpears, and pointed out their great utility. My ideas were adopted; iron was collected, and forged, in a rough manner, into one hundred ſpears, each two feet long; we faſtened them into poles, of about eight feet in length. I then ſelected a hundred of our moſt athletic young men, formed them into a ſeparate corps, and equipped each with a ſpear and tomahawk. I taught them to march and wheel in regular order, and convinced them of the neceſſity of their keeping cloſely embodied, when engaged with their enemies.

In a few days we were ready to march.—— Our little army, amounting to three hundred men, left the town early in the morning, and we

we were guided towards the enemy by the four men who had recently been waylaid.

We diſpatched ſix of our moſt active and intrepid men, in different directions, to reconnoitre the enemy. On the fourth day of our march, two of our ſcouts returned, with intelligence that they had diſcovered the army of the *Ooromins*, in great force, advancing towards us. We immediately prepared to attack them; *Renoui*, with his archers, led the van, and I exhorted my ſpearmen to keep their ranks, and adhere to that diſcipline, which would enſure us the victory. I had pre-concerted a plan with our chief to feign a retreat, and, if poſſible, draw the enemy into open ground, where my ſpearmen could act with moſt effect. Though we advanced with the greateſt ſilence and precaution, the enemy had been apprized of our approach; and, according to cuſtom, lay flat on the ground, concealed by the thickets.

About noon, as a ſmall party of our vanguard penetrated the thickeſt part of the wood, with their bows bent, our ears were aſſailed by the well-known war-whoop, one of the moſt terrific ſounds in nature. *Renoui* and his party were attacked by a ſhower of muſket-bullets, which killed and wounded ſeveral of the men. He inſtantly betook himſelf to the uſual mode of buſh-fighting; each warrior ran to a tree, from behind which he diſcharged his arrows at

the enemy, whenever he could take a certain aim; but their fire-arms gave them a ſuperiority over our archers; and on a particular yell given by *Renoui*, as a ſignal, they retreated to a ſavanna about half a mile in the rear, where I waited with my impatient ſpearmen. The enemy purſued our flying troops with horrid cries of triumph; when our archers approached my corps, they made a ſtand, diſcharged a volley of arrows, and retired to the rear of our line. Stimulated by their ſucceſs, the *Ooromins* ruſhed forward to attack us; but though they were more numerous, and armed with muſkets and bayonets, which, however, they uſed but aukwardly, yet, from the length of our ſpears, we had a manifeſt advantage. As they came upon us pellmell, I ordered my ſpearmen to charge; we advanced in a firm phalanx, and attacked the enemy with ſuch impetuoſity, that in a few minutes they fled in all directions.

Renoui and his party joined in the purſuit; and in leſs than two hours from the commencement of the action, we were completely victorious. In this battle we killed and wounded above two hundred of the enemy; took ſixty priſoners; and the reſidue of their army, amounting to above one hundred, ſheltered themſelves in the woods. We loſt only twenty men; and I was ſlightly wounded in the ſhoulder by a muſket bullet.

We

We now returned in triumph to the town, where we were received with every demonſtration of joy. The women, however, who had loſt their relations, were inconſolable, and eager to ſacrifice our priſoners to their vengeance. I expoſtulated with them on the cruelty of this impolitic cuſtom; and prevailed upon them to adopt the priſoners into their tribe, by which they received an acceſſion of forty young men more than they loſt.

The Indians were ſo well pleaſed with my behaviour in the battle, and on this occaſion, that I was now choſen as their chief warrior, *Renoui* cheerfully reſigning in my favour.

The total defeat of the enemy rendered it unneceſſary to proſecute the war; eſpecially as a party, whom we had ſent in purſuit of the fugitives, returned with thirty priſoners, and the ſcalps of above twenty whom they had killed. We adopted theſe priſoners alſo; and by their own account of their population, it will probably be many years before the peace of the *Monſipi* nation will be again diſturbed by the enterpriſing and warlike *Ooromins*.

The joy of *Oneida*, on my return, was extreme; ſhe once more performed the part of a ſurgeon, and in a few days my wound was perfectly healed. Yet, amid theſe wild ſcenes, the image of *Eliza* often preſented itſelf to my imagination. I felt an unconquerable deſire to rejoin

rejoin civilized ſociety, and endeavoured to perſuade *Oneida* to eſcape with me. I deſcribed the pleaſures and amuſements which we ſhould ſhare in *Charleſtown*; but ſhe was proof againſt thoſe allurements, and uſed every argument to diſſuade me from my purpoſe.

Finding all my entreaties ineffectual, I endeavoured to reconcile my feelings to my ſituation; eſpecially as winter approached, which would have rendered our journey more tedious and dangerous. This winter was more ſevere than the former; but we were ſo well ſupplied with food and fuel, that it paſſed away almoſt imperceptibly; and the welcome ſpring viſited us early in March.

My deſire to eſcape now returned with redoubled force; but as my wife continued inexorable, I fell into a deep melancholy; nor could the cheerful ſmiles of *Oneida* and our ſon, together with the affectionate attention of our mother, diſſipate the gloom that overwhelmed my ſpirits. I often wandered through the circumjacent wood, or along the banks of the river, almoſt in a ſtate of apathy, which continued till the beginning of autumn. *Oneida* perceived the languiſhing ſtate of my health, and rightly judging the cauſe, ſhe, with the ſolicitude of true affection, conſented to renounce her mother and her nation for my ſake, and accompany me in my flight!

This

This generous reſolution had the deſired effect; my health was ſoon reſtored; and after a reſidence of two years and four months among the *Monſipi* Indians, I left their town about the middle of Auguſt, 1799, accompanied by my wife and child. On the evening previous to our departure, my heart was deeply affected by the filial tenderneſs of *Oneida*. She had ever been a dutiful child; but her attentions on this occaſion excited the ſurprize of her mother.—*Oneida* put her to bed, and, with a parting kiſs, wiſhed her a good night. She immediately retired to our part of the wigwam, where, overcome by ſorrow, ſhe fainted in my arms, and, on her recovery, a few tears relieved her heart.

We ſet out about midnight; very fortunately our little boy was aſleep; for had he been awake, and given a ſingle cry, it might have alarmed the Indians, as we paſſed through the town, and conſequently prevented our eſcape. But now, wrapped in a mantle of fur, and ſlumbering in his mother's arms, the little adventurer was obliged to ſhare the viciſſitudes of his fugitive parents.

Oneida had attired herſelf in her richeſt fur dreſs; I was alſo wrapped in a cloak of fur; our heads were covered, though contrary to cuſtom, with caps alſo of fur; and our feet were protected from the thorny thickets, by a

of ſandals, made of deer-ſkin. We proceeded through the wood in an eaſtern direction. The night was remarkably dark; inſomuch, that I ſoon loſt the diſtinct idea of the quarter towards which we travelled: the hiſſings of numerous ſerpents around, added horror to the obſcurity; and my only defence was a ſpear. When the dawn began to enlighten the face of nature, we thought it prudent to conceal ourſelves, as we were almoſt certain we ſhould be purſued; and if taken, our death would inevitably follow. We therefore retired into the thickeſt part of the wood, and climbed a low branchy oak, which at once ſcreened us, and formed a comfortable couch.

We fell aſleep, and about noon were awaked by the ſound of voices. A ſmall party of the Indians paſſed within a few paces of the oak where we lay concealed; they looked around, and we could plainly hear them threaten vengeance againſt me! I turned my eyes on *Oneida*, who was pale with terror. We fortunately eluded their ſearch; and before ſunſet, had the ſatisfaction to perceive them return towards the town, with looks of fatigue and vexation.

We now ſhared a repaſt, conſiſting of maize, veniſon, and fruit; and as the evening cloſed, we deſcended from the tree, and proceeded on our journey. I carried our little boy, who, by his innocent ſmiles, and attempts to ſpeak, ſerved

ſerved to amuſe us. We travelled all night through the intricate mazes of the woods, and about ſunriſe we found ourſelves quite exhauſted. Being now at a conſiderable diſtance from the Indian town, we thought ourſelves tolerably ſecure; and after a little refreſhment, laid ourſelves to repoſe on a moſſy bank, beneath the ſhade of a large apple-tree. We awoke about the middle of the day, found our ſpirits perfectly recruited, and proceeded with renovated alacrity. As we advanced towards the back ſettlements, we paſſed two deſerted cottages, which had probably been occupied by thoſe whimſical individuals who, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, ſeparate from the reſt of the ſettlers; and having met with a fertile ſpot, they clear and cultivate it, till the ſoil is exhauſted, and then remove to another place.

Though ſtill environed with woods, we were encouraged by this ſign of our approach to the colonies; and no longer apprehenſive of being purſued, we proceeded chearfully along. I obſerved, however, that *Oneida* ſighed often; regret at having left her native place and friends, for ever, occaſioned thoſe inarticulate breathings of ſorrow; but a kind look and ſoothing expreſſion from me, inſtantly diſpelled her grief. I treated her with that tenderneſs and delicacy which her peculiar ſituation required; for I now

now conſidered myſelf as her protector; and full of admiration of her virtuous love, I reſolved never to forſake this generous woman, to whom I was indebted for life and liberty.—As we proceeded, I frequently ſtruck down with my ſpear ſome of the ripeſt wild apples and pears for our ſuſtenance; indeed, they were now our only food; for we had only a ſmall quantity of maize left, which was reſerved for the child, and which his mother was obliged to macerate for him.

The ſky, which, during the day had diſplayed a beautiful azure expanſe, ſuddenly became cloudy towards the evening. Vaſt copper-coloured clouds moved ſlowly along the atmoſphere; not a breeze ſhook the gloſſy leaves of the trees, and darkneſs ſoon cloſed around. All was ſilence, except the ſound of our foot-ſteps, and the noiſe of the rattleſnakes, (ſimilar to the warning of a clock going to ſtrike) ſometimes within a few paces of us; this awful ſituation, in which we might be ſaid to tread upon death at every ſtep, was rendered ſtill more dreadful by a violent thunder-ſtorm.—The red lightning burſt from the clouds, and blazed before us, while ſucceſſive peals of thunder ſhook the ground!——*Oneida* clung to my arm; ſhe trembled with apprehenſion—and exclaimed, with a voice of terror, "Ah! my huſband, the evil demon is abroad—he has raiſed

raiſed this ſtorm to deſtroy us!"——"Do not fear, my love," replied I; "the good ſpirit will protect us: come, Oneida, let me conduct you to a place of ſafety." We then proceeded a little farther.

The reader may conceive an idea of our perilous ſituation, by reflecting that we were every moment in danger of being bit by a rattle-ſnake, which would be certain death; or of being killed either by lightning, or the trees which it ſtruck down in different directions! Fortunately, by the momentary glare of the flaſhes, I perceived a deſerted hut, which, although in a ruinous ſtate, afforded us ſufficient protection. We ſat down on a large log; our child, who had been terrified by the ſtorm, and cried violently, ſoon fell aſleep in his mother's lap, and I ſupported them both in my arms.

The aſſemblage of horrors that gave *Oneida* ſo much pain, filled my mind with ſublime emotions, while I contemplated the unuſual night-ſcene. I beheld the irreſiſtible lightning rend the denſe clouds, and flame along with aſtoniſhing velocity above the lofty trees. Innumerable fire-flies glided through the air; their inceſſant coruſcations appeared like large ſparks of fire; inſomuch, that the whole wood ſeemed kindling into a blaze. The reiterated loud thunder-claps almoſt deafened me, and ſeemed to convulſe nature; heavy ſhowers of

rain, driven by tempeſtuous guſts, rattled among the leaves of the trees like hail. A waterfall, at a ſhort diſtance, being ſwelled by the rain, poured a loud and inceſſant torrent; while ſeveral trees, which were ſtruck by the lightning, fell, from time to time, with a tremendous craſh, and completed this awful combination of terror and ſublimity. This dreadful ſtorm, which raged with violence for ſome hours, abated towards morning, and about ſunriſe the weather became ſerene and pleaſant.

A moſt enchanting morning invited us to continue our journey; the air was calm and mild; the ſun unclouded and animating; majeſtic trees towered around, chequering the lawns with their ſhade. This wild magnificent diſplay of ſylvan grandeur cheered our drooping ſpirits; and for ſome little time we travelled on with alacrity; but hunger began to prey upon us, and fruits were our only ſuſtenance. The nutriment, however, afforded by thoſe was inſufficient to ſupport us; beſides, the being accuſtomed, for ſome time, to ſuch food, at length diſordered our ſtomachs, and relaxed the whole nervous ſyſtem. Painful gripings and nauſea ſucceeded; yet ſtill we advanced ſlowly, mutually encouraging each other. The health of our little ſon continued unimpaired; and this circumſtance afforded us ſome conſolation.

To

To detail our ſufferings, would be tedious and unintereſting; ſuffice it, therefore, to ſay, that we travelled five days after our Indian corn was entirely conſumed, except what we kept for the ſubſiſtence of the child; and during a toilſome and tedious journey, we were neceſſitated to live on apples, pears, and berries, with a little water. I ſaw *Oneida*'s countenance become languid and faint; and I felt my own ſtrength daily decay. In this deplorable ſtate we proceeded, as nearly as I can gueſs, about ten miles a day; nor was it poſſible, in our exhauſted ſtate, to travel faſter.

I now repented that I had allured *Oneida* from her friends; as I ſaw nothing but famine before our eyes, and that a lingering death muſt end our miſery. In this diſconſolate ſtate, we once more betook ourſelves to repoſe under the ſhade of an oak-tree; I placed our little boy on one ſide, and ſupporting my meek and uncomplaining ſpouſe with a ſmall heap of moſs, which I collected for her bed, we fell aſleep. We awoke early; and though almoſt famiſhed, agreed to ſtruggle on a little farther, in hopes of meeting an Indian town, or a back ſettlement. After walking, or rather crawling, for about half an hour, we came to an open country, ſheltered towards the north-eaſt by a range of mountains. Elated by this new appearance of the face of the country, I encouraged *Oneida* to

to keep up her ſpirits, and, to our inexpreſſible joy, we ſoon came in view of a village. Our feelings were ſo much overpowered with the ſight, that we ſat down for a few minutes.—"My dear Oneida," exclaimed I, "thank Heaven, we ſhall ſoon arrive at a place of ſafety!"——She heard me with complacency, and looked down on her ſon with a languid ſmile; but ſhe was unable to make any anſwer. I was alarmed, and aſſiſted her to riſe; but ſhe immediately ſunk into a ſwoon. All my endeavours to recover her were ineffectual. I execrated myſelf as the cauſe of her death;—and leaving her in that ſtate, with the child beſide her, I haſtened, as faſt as I could, towards the village. I fell ſeveral times, through extreme debility; but the deſire to reſtore her, enabled me to reach it. My ſingular dreſs, and miſerable appearance, excited general curioſity. The people thronged around me; I attempted to ſpeak, but grief and famine had enchained my tongue. While the good-natured ruſtics ſtood gazing on me with looks of pity, the tears guſhed from my eyes, and I recovered the faculty of ſpeech.——"Oh! haſten, and ſave my wife!" I exclaimed, with a trembling voice. "She is expiring—we are famiſhed!" I pointed towards the place where *Oneida* lay, and begged to be carried thither. The villagers placed me in a cart, and drove as ſpeedily as poſſible

poſſible to the ſpot. *Oneida* was ſtill in a ſwoon, but the villagers at length reſtored her to life; they gave her a ſmall quantity of milk and wine, which ſhe ſwallowed with difficulty; this cordial had a moſt happy effect; ſhe was then lifted into the vehicle, and, with our ſon, placed beſide me.

The honeſt ruſtics returned with an air of triumph, and carried us into a neat manſion; they haſtened to prepare ſome refreſhments for us; and an old gentlewoman, to whom the people behaved with the greateſt deference, ordered us to be fed with a meſs of light broth, and a ſmall quantity of bread. This judicious treatment revived us; we were then put to bed; and after a ſound ſleep of ſeveral hours, we were again preſented with light nouriſhing refreſhments. On the following day, I was able to riſe; but *Oneida* continued in a very languid ſtate for ſeveral days.

During this interval, I ſatisfied the curioſity of our kind hoſteſs, and the reſt of the villagers, with an account of my ſingular adventures.—Mrs. *Benſon* was aſtoniſhed at the recital. This gentlewoman was a widow, and proprietor of the village and adjoining eſtate. She appeared to be highly intereſted in our fate; and generouſly propoſed to advance money ſufficient to purchaſe decent clothes for us, and to defray the expences of our journey to *Charleſtown*. I

accepted her benevolent offer; and prevailed upon *Oneida* to adopt the habit worn by her ſex in poliſhed communities. In a few days, my wife being pretty well recovered, we left the village, in a covered travelling cart, after I had returned my acknowledgments to the lady and her good-natured cottagers for their humanity. After a journey of ſeveral days, we arrived at *Orangeburgh*, a ſmall village within a few miles of *Charleſtown*. Here we ſtopped for a night; and the following morning, about ten o'clock, we reached the capital, and were ſet down at my uncle's. That affectionate man was both amazed and delighted to find me alive; but when I gave him a ſhort ſketch of my ſtory, the virtues of *Oneida* excited his warmeſt admiration.

The news of my arrival ſoon ſpread through the city; and next day I was viſited and congratulated by ſeveral of my former fellow-travellers in the journey to *Canada*; but many of the citizens came to ſee me and my ſpouſe, merely from motives of curioſity. Among other viſitors, Mr. *Wilſon* came to pay his reſpects. He expreſſed much concern at my altered appearance, on beholding me pale, emaciated, and my forehead diſfigured with ſcars. Among other topics, he mentioned his ſiſter *Eliza*, whom, he ſaid, my ſuppoſed death had brought to the verge of the tomb. He informed

informed me that ſhe then lived at *Violet-hill*; and though her health was ſomewhat reſtored, yet her mind was ſtrongly impreſſed with tender melancholy. I was deeply affected;—I trembled for the conſequences of my marriage, and carefully concealed that circumſtance from Mr. *Wilſon*.

The wonder of *Oneida*, on beholding the city, was beyond the power of deſcription.—The houſes, the inhabitants, the different carriages, the ſhops, and the ſhipping, preſented ſuch a variety to her mind, that her underſtanding was almoſt bewildered. She aſked me a thouſand queſtions, which I anſwered in ſuch a manner as explained the propriety of all that ſhe beheld. Her mind gradually improved, and regained its natural ſerenity; while the friendly attention of my uncle to her and the child, raiſed the livelieſt eſteem in her heart.

Meanwhile, Mr. *Wilſon* communicated the intelligence of my return to *Eliza*. A new ſcene of woe again tortured my imagination.—I beheld, in idea, my firſt love under the influence of hope and joy;—I then ſaw her fond wiſhes fruſtrated, and her heart overwhelmed with deſpair!——This preſentiment filled my boſom with ſorrow; nor could the kindneſs of my uncle, the ſmiles of my playful infant, or the endearments of *Oneida*, diſſipate the gloom. Alas! my forebodings were ſoon realized! The particulars

particulars of my ſtrange adventures had reached *Violet-hill*, and the unfortunate *Eliza* became the victim of her exceſſive ſenſibility!

On the evening of the fourth day after my arrival at *Charleſtown*, as we were ſitting at tea, with a few friends, a ſervant came with a letter to my uncle. He read it, and calling me to another apartment, gave me the letter, with an injunction to preſerve my fortitude. It contained as follows:

"SIR,

"The joy occaſioned in my family by the return of your nephew, was inexpreſſible. My poor *Eliza* was enchanted; and modeſty alone prevented her from flying to embrace her long-loſt lover.——But, alas! Sir, when ſhe heard that he was married, the moſt poignant ſorrow took poſſeſſion of her mind. She is dangerouſly ill, and the phyſicians are alarmed at her ſituation.——I write not to reproach your nephew, but to prepare him for the worſt that may happen; for I am perfectly convinced of his generoſity and honour.

"I am, &c.

"SARAH WILSON."

My boſom was agonized with grief on reading this letter. I returned it to my uncle; and my

my dejection increaſed every moment. *Oneida* perceived the change, and inquired the cauſe with tender ſolicitude.—"A dear friend is ſick, my love," I anſwered; and ſhe ſighed with ſympathetic feeling.

My uncle immediately returned the following anſwer to Mrs. *Wilſon:*

"MADAM,

"I ſincerely regret the indiſpoſition of your daughter, and fervently pray that Heaven may reſtore her to her friends. My nephew is diſconſolate. He has ſuffered many afflictions ſince you ſaw him; inſomuch, that you would ſcarce know him. He is no longer the lively, handſome man who arrived with you in this city; but a pale, emaciated wretch, disfigured with ſcars, and exhauſted with hardſhips. He begs your *Eliza*'s forgiveneſs; and if ſhe knew his ſtory, it would excite her pity, not her anger. Pray, write to us; and may your next letter communicate the joyful tidings that your daughter is out of danger.

"I am, Madam, &c.

"T. BARRY."

I continued under the torture of ſuſpenſe all the ſubſequent day; every rap at the door made me tremble; nor could the ſoothings of my affectionate

fectionate ſpouſe alleviate my miſery. About ſunſet, a ſervant came, on full ſpeed, with a letter to my uncle. He read it in the counting-houſe, and inſtantly ſent for me. The letter contained theſe few words:

" Alas! Mr. Barry, my *Eliza* is dying!—She expreſſes an earneſt wiſh to ſee your nephew. I beg he will haſten to indulge this laſt requeſt.

" S. WILSON."

As I read this billet, my head grew giddy.—I made a ſhort pauſe, and determined to ſet off inſtantly for *Violet-hill*. My uncle endeavoured to diſſuade me from my purpoſe; but finding his attempts vain, and conſidering the feeble ſtate of my health, he immediately ordered a poſt-chaiſe, as the eaſieſt conveyance.

Oneida, whoſe ſorrow and alarm had been excited by my ſituation, and unconſcious of the real cauſe, was deſirous to accompany me.—" No, my dear," ſaid I, " this viſit to an expiring friend muſt be paid alone. I ſhall return to-morrow."——I then ſtepped into the chaiſe, and deſired the driver to proceed with all poſſible expedition.

When arrived at *Violet-hill*, I entered, with feeble and trembling limbs, the manſion where I had ſpent ſo many happy hours. I was conducted

ducted to Mrs. *Wilson*, who embraced me, saying, "Ah! Sir, this is a mournful meeting!"—"Madam," replied I, "I fear my misfortunes have involved you and your amiable family in misery.——Lead me to the presence of your daughter."

We entered the chamber where the young, beautiful, and beloved *Eliza* lay, with angelic resignation, awaiting the moment of resignation. When I was announced, she started, and instinctively turned her eyes towards the door.—She recognized me at the first glance, as was evident from the transient gleam of joy that beamed in her eyes. I approached the bed, and knelt before her, unable to articulate a word.

While I viewed her ghastly image, my heart was tortured with unutterable woe. She held out her hand; and as I pressed it to my lips, a faint blush for a moment glided over her cheek. After several efforts, I cried, "My beloved *Eliza*, can you forgive your destroyer?—Alas! must my misfortunes cause your death! Is there no hope of your recovery?——I paused—I found my reason wandering; and while I proceeded to express the incoherent effusions of frantic sorrow, she feebly replied, "No, Mr. Barry, the power of medicine cannot prevent my journey to another world; I behold Death as a messenger of Mercy, who comes to remove me from a transitory state of existence; nor do I reproach you

you as the cauſe of my ſorrows; being conſcious that the peculiarity of your adventures afford a ſufficient extenuation of your conduct. I feel my ſpirits revived in your preſence—your tenderneſs, my ever-loved friend, is like a cordial to my heart; but this interval of ſerenity is only the harbinger of eternal repoſe."——"Deareſt Eliza," ſaid I, "perhaps Heaven may yet reſtore you to our prayers." While I ſpoke, I felt her hand, which I clapſed, tremble and grow cold, almoſt inſtantaneouſly. She whiſpered, "I feel the ſprings of life ebbing faſt;—do not leave me—let me have the conſolation that you will cloſe my eyes!"—Her voice faultered—a cold damp overſpread her face; and as I wiped it away, ſhe feebly preſſed my hand, uttered an ejaculation—and expired!———

The ſhock was too great for my enfeebled frame; I fell into a ſtate of lethargic ſtupor, in which I continued ſeveral hours; on my recovery, Mr. *Wilſon* entreated me to return to the city. I conſented; but inſiſted on ſeeing *Eliza* for the laſt time. He accompanied me to the apartment where the body lay. I ſummoned my fortitude; and contemplated the cold remains with mournful ſenſations. I dropped a parting tear; and retired in ſolemn ſilence.

I then viſited Mrs. *Wilſon* and her daughters, mingled my tears with their's, and parted with expreſſions of mutual eſteem.——On my return to

to *Charleſtown*, *Oneida*, whoſe fears had been excited at my delay, received me with demonſtrations of genuine affection.

The noiſe which Miſs *Wilſon*'s death created in the city, and the intenſity of my feelings on that melancholy event, rendered my life miſerable. I therefore reſolved to return to *Europe*, in hopes, by diſtance, to caſt a veil over the cauſe of my ſorrows. This determination was heard by my uncle with regret; he had fondly hoped that his adopted ſon would have been happy under his protection; but he was now convinced of the propriety of my quitting a place where I had become the topic of public converſation. My affectionate Indian ſhuddered at the idea of a voyage; but her attachment overcame her fears, and ſhe prepared to accompany me.

I engaged our paſſage for *London*, on board the *Minerva*, Capt. *Wilkinſon*; but as the ſhip was not completely freighted, we did not ſail for a month after; during which time I devoted my whole ſtudy to the inſtruction of *Oneida* in the Engliſh language, and to which ſhe gave ſo much attention, that ſhe could now converſe in it with tolerable facility.

When the veſſel was ready to ſail, my generous uncle gave me bills on *London* to the amount of four thouſand pounds; he was very deſirous that we ſhould leave the child; but maternal tenderneſs could not bear the ſeparation. We

ſailed from *Charleſtown* on the 2d of *November*, 1799, and arrived ſafe, after a pleaſant voyage, in the river *Thames*, on the 6th of *December*.

As my father, in his letters, had informed me that my brother *John* was a grocer in *London*, I ſoon found, by the Directory, his place of reſidence. After I had conducted my wife and ſon to an inn, I viſited my brother, who was overjoyed at the unexpected interview. He invited me to make his houſe my home; but willing to avail myſelf of a more ſalubrious ſituation, I took lodgings in *Pentonville*, where I find my health gradually renovated.

In my rambles through the metropolis, I am generally accompanied by *Oneida*, who has reſigned our ſon to the care of a nurſery-maid; and as the obſervations of my Indian are the dictates of untutored nature, a few of them may not be unamuſing to the reader.

As we paſſed through one of the principal ſtreets, *Oneida* ſuddenly ſtopped, with a look of horror. When I enquired the cauſe, ſhe pointed to the window of a hair-dreſſer's ſhop, and exclaimed, "What a number of *ſcalps* have theſe inhuman wretches torn from the heads of their fellow-creatures!"—"No, my dear," replied I, "theſe are what they call wigs; it is become the faſhion for our ladies to cut off their own hair, and wear that of others."—"A moſt ridiculous faſhion, indeed," ſaid ſhe.

She

She frequently miſtook footmen for people of great rank, on account of the lace on their clothes; and ſhe ſeemed highly delighted with the fine complexion and beauty of the women.

Willing to gratify her with a theatrical exhibition, and convinced that *Pizarro*, from the circumſtance of having ſeveral Indian characters, would be particularly intereſting, I conducted her to *Drury-lane* theatre.

Before the repreſentation, ſhe was enraptured with the muſic of the orcheſtra. She was alſo highly delighted with the tender dialogue between *Alonzo* and *Cora*. The proceſſion of the Prieſts and Virgins of the Sun fixed her in mute attention; and ſhe trembled at the deſcent of fire upon the altar. The ſcene where the *Peruvian* women and children appear among the rocks, made her exclaim, "They are very like our people in *North America!*"

The diſtreſs of *Cora*, in the beginning of the fifth act, excited the ſympathy of *Oneida*; ſhe ſpoke feelingly of the poor mother and child; but was ſtruck with what ſhe deemed the abſurdity of *Cora* ſinging in ſuch a ſituation. "If I were in her place," ſaid ſhe, "I would weep inſtead of ſinging." When *Cora* miſſed her child, my Indian felt almoſt as much agony as the actreſs feigned.

As I now begin to feel a gradual reſtoration of my health, I intend to reviſit my native land in

in the courſe of the ſummer; where, amid the peaceful ſcenes of retirement, I hope to forget my misfortunes, and bend with grateful reverence to that Being, whoſe providence has conducted me through dangers to ſafety and ſocial happineſs.

A. NEIL, Printer, Chalton Street, Sommers Town.